

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 21.

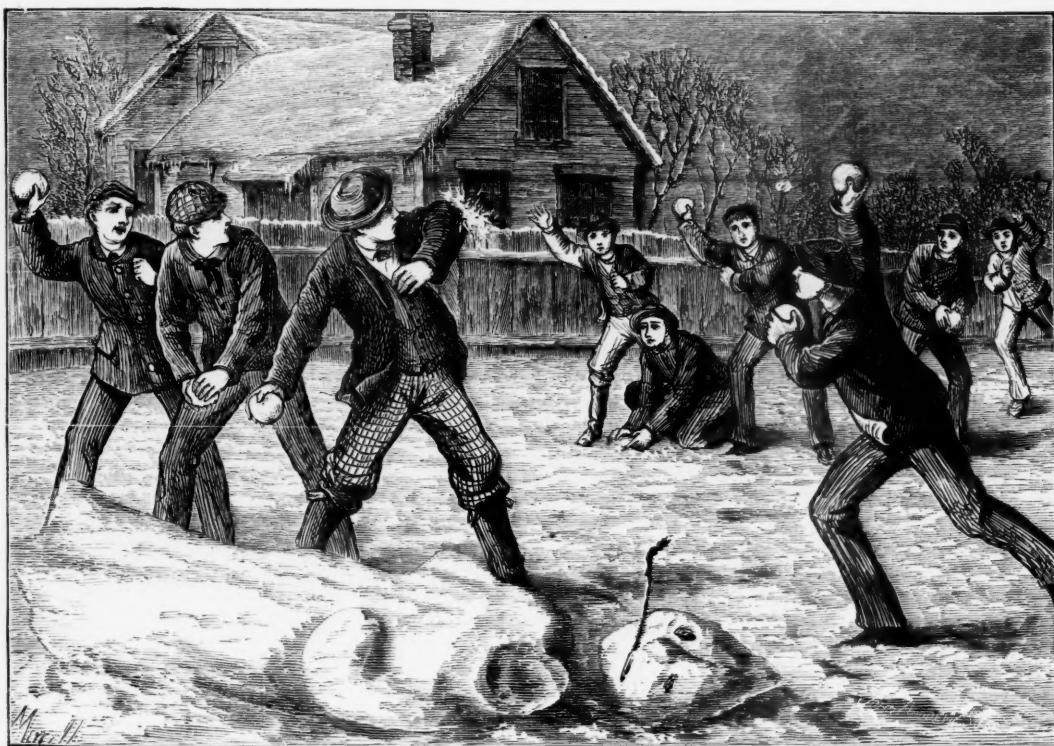
Boston, January, 1889.

No. 8.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To all the readers of this paper we wish a *Happy New Year*. By their generous gifts we were enabled to print last month 40,000 copies, and send them out on their mission of mercy over the country and the world.

And to all those *who cannot read this paper*, but for whom it is published, we wish a *Happy New Year*, and we hope by the continued and *increased* generous gifts of their friends to do something—and *we hope much*—to make the New Year happier to them than the past.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AN ARMED CAMP.

The condition of Europe is summed up in the phrase, "*An armed camp.*" This is the high water mark of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Austrians—amiable, well-meaning, neighborly beings, who live, believe, love, toil, kneel before the same altar, and yet all of them busy in the same fearful preparation for throat cutting. An armed camp means war at any time—to-morrow, next year, surely some day for war alone will dissolve the camps.—*New York Herald.*

[Extracts from Address by Frances E. Willard.]
THE PRESS.

The click of the pistol has given way to the click of the printers' type, which is a far more telling weapon; the cannon is being re-fashioned into the rotary press; invisible piercing swords of thought and Damascus blades of sympathy are fighting the world's battles in these days, and ere long the phonograph shall declare a universal armistice on the basis of a better understanding, and the uninflamed brains of the next century shall welcome the woman's flag of universal peace.

(From Editorial in *Golden Rule* of Nov. 15, 1888.)

"We give considerable space this week to an interesting article on the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Every Christian should make himself acquainted with this important subject."

Miss [Frances E.] Willard's words to Mr. Angell, concerning his work for dumb animals, are none too strong.

She writes: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ."

OIL BOMBS.

Last month we gave some account of the "coastguard" and a beautiful cut of "the launching of the life-boat."

We are glad to notice in one of our exchanges that oil bombs have been invented which can be fired from the shore to calm the sea about a wrecked vessel, or from the deck of a vessel some distance to the windward.

[It is quite possible that large amounts of property and many valuable lives may be saved by this invention.—ED.]

WHY DO THE NEWSPAPERS GIVE SO MUCH SPACE TO CRIMES AND SO LITTLE TO NOBLE DEEDS!

We cut the following from the "Journal of Women's Work:"

If the newspapers took one-tenth part of the interest in noble deeds which they take in crime, our estimate of the human race would be better than it now is. For it is natural, indeed inevitable, for us to generalize on facts brought most prominently and constantly before our minds. If a column in our favorite paper is devoted to the description of a murder or a swindle, and two or three lines, without comment, to an act of heroism, the former is almost sure to make the largest figure in our average. For instance, in a recent account of a railroad collision, we find the following item: * * * "Engineer Martin D. Slattery, of the Wildcat, remained on his engine with his hand on the lever and was instantly killed, the lever going through his body." * * * Another train was following the Wildcat, bound West, and the conductor of the latter (name not mentioned), with three broken ribs and a dislocated hip, crawled back a considerable distance to flag it, and then fainted."

Who that reads of the exploits of men in battle, men with all their fighting instincts and their hope of victory nerving them to courage, would think of comparing their case with that of the man who calmly "stands with his hand on the lever," going, as he knows, to certain death, not to punish, but to save his fellow-creatures; and that other, dragging himself along in torture and at the risk of his life? We could wish we might at least have known his name.

Day before yesterday the writer saw a handsomely attired young man, who had, to her surprise, kept his seat in the street car when a pretty girl entered, rise and give that seat to a large, middle-aged woman with a market basket. And he did it in a way that didn't make her wish he hadn't, and she thanked him heartily, moreover, and then he lifted his hat in a manner that could not have been improved upon if it had been the pretty girl herself. And there are really plenty of such actions occurring every day if we could learn the habit of looking out for them as sharply as we do for their converse.

Apropos of the yellow fever at Jacksonville: Among the honored dead is Dr. L. F. Eddy, of Louisville, who died at the Medical Bureau a few days since. He was one of the volunteer physicians who went there to give his services free of charge to his suffering fellow-creatures, and to lay down his life in the cause of humanity. He was stricken with fever several days ago, and from the first his case has been desperate.

Pillsbury & Co., Minneapolis millers, have lately made their fourth annual dividend to their employees, the sum divided amounting to forty thousand dollars. In no case did the dividend amount to less than a month's wages. The firm has carried out the profit-sharing plan with its workmen for years, and it is needless to say that this firm has no trouble with its employees.

[We invite all readers of "Our Dumb Animals" to send us all the records of noble deeds they see or read.—ED.]

ONE OF THEM KINGS JUST TUMBLED DOWN THE HATCHWAY.

A United States frigate lies at anchor in the harbor of Naples—some of the nobility are visiting the frigate—a brilliantly liveried servant, carrying his master's cloak, leans against the canvas ventilator, and a sailor who sees the result goes to the officer of the deck and, touching his hat, says, "Please, sir, one of them kings just tumbled down the hatchway." Such is the picture we have just seen. Of course we ought to sympathize with the unfortunate lackey, but the picture makes us laugh.

Some years ago we attended a reception of a Judge of our U. S. Supreme Court who, to the weight of his judicial opinions, added a weight of nearly three hundred pounds. A seat was offered him, which by some mischance had been weakened; the seat went down and the judge sat upon the floor. Of course everybody ought to have felt sorry, but it is to be feared that no event of the whole evening gave more satisfaction to the assembled guests, or is remembered to the present day with greater pleasure.

Older people are much like children. They would rather laugh than cry. We could easily fill these columns with the terrible details of American cruelty, both to human beings and dumb beasts,—the records of our prosecutions and all that,—but nine-tenths of our readers would soon stop reading, and our influence upon them be lost. So we are seeking constantly for bright and happy stories and thoughts, determined to catch every gleam of sunshine, and then, with these, contrive to weave in the sad and solemn facts which it is our duty to tell.

Kind readers, send us all the bright and happy thoughts and pictures you can, that we may spread them through our columns and those of the thousands of papers to which ours goes monthly into American homes.

POSTSCRIPT.—We observed our little neice watching us closely the other day to see what became of a package of candy, so we said, "I think I will put this on the top shelf."

"There are four chairs in the room, uncle," was the little girl's almost instantaneous reply.

We have had several good laughs out of that simple remark.

BETTER THAN FIGHTING.

We have two schools in our town not far from each other. They used to play football together. One day the ball disappeared. One school accused the other of stealing it. Seven boys started out and dared the other boys to meet them. Only four went out to do so, including John Williams. When Jack Miller approached him with scowling brow and doubled fist John said, "Come, Jack, let us talk it all over." The two met, one with open hands and face, the other with doubled fist and scowls. Jack said: "I'll teach you to steal a foot-ball!" John replied. "We have not stolen the ball. Wait a week and maybe it will be found. If the ball is lost we will pay for it." The dark brow cleared, hands were held out, and the boys shook them. Armies fight, wound and kill to settle disputes. Why not settle them before fighting?

A MAN WHO DESERVED A GOOD HORSE.

Mr. Joseph F. Snow, President of the Bangor, Maine, Humane Society, sends us the following: A GOOD OLD HORSE GONE. On Wednesday Mr. George W. Spratt ended the life of his old and faithful horse, Colonel, by administering chloroform, owing to his lack of strength by reason of old age. Colonel was, until within a few years, when he was retired from work, a well known figure upon our streets. Mr. Spratt purchased him twenty-six years ago, of Colonel David Bugbee, the horse then being eight years old, and was consequently thirty-four years of age when he died. During fourteen years in which Mr. Spratt used him in his livery business the horse earned the amount of \$5,000 above his expenses. He never was sick, never was given medicine and always ate his three meals a day, and ate his breakfast with a good relish the day he was killed. In addition he never injured any person or did any damage to any carriage while Mr. Spratt owned him. If any horse can be produced with a better record than old Colonel we would like to hear of it.

FROM THE TWO ARMIES. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows dark between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossomed-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
And count each burning life's-drop flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

ETHAN ALLEN.

Vermont has always been noted as a horse breeding state. One of the famous trotters was named Ethan Allen, after the famous Green Mountain soldier who captured Fort Ticonderoga. Col. George W. Hooker, of Brattleboro, tells a story of a Kentucky friend who was visiting him in Vermont where a fine monument has been erected to Ethan Allen at Montpelier. The Kentuckian looked at the monument and saw the name at its base, whereupon he said, contemplatingly, to Col. Hooker: "Say, old fellow, we think a mighty heap of horses in Kentucky, but we have never erected a monument to a dead one yet."—New York Tribune.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

POETIC JUSTICE.

It was a righteous sentence a Worcester Judge gave Barney Fitzmorris the other day. He was convicted of cruelly beating a horse—cutting through the skin six times. The Judge gave him six months in jail, a month for each wound. It is well for those who are disposed to torture dumb animals to remember that our State Judges now-a-days read this paper.

THREE YEARS IN STATE PRISON.

A case where the punishment seems to fit the crime is that of a man up in Chicopee who has just been sentenced by Judge Staples to three years in the state prison for having cut out the tongue of a horse. *The man has been hunted down by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,* and the penalty that has been inflicted on him is one of the severest that has yet been meted out for cruelty to dumb animals. It ought to serve as a warning to those who persistently defy the merciful teachings of the society with the long name.—*Boston Herald, Oct. 6, '88.*

[It was done for revenge against the horse's owner.—EDITOR.]

THIRTY YEARS IN PENITENTIARY.

The result of the case reported in our Dec. number appears in the following:—

TAYLORVILLE, ILL., Dec. 12.—The night before election Charles F. Henderson, a veterinary surgeon, tortured 50 horses by injecting sulphuric acid and croton oil. The animals belonged to grangers who were attending a political meeting. This morning he was sentenced to the penitentiary for 30 years.

RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.

An Eastern paper tells of a pretty and talented girl who had completed her school course with credit, and by reason of rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most girls, was asked the other day how she was enjoying her vacation.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered brightly. "I'm doing the housework and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away on a vacation then?" was the natural question.

"Oh no," was the reply, "she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning, and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."

ONLY THINK OF IT.

Mattie—Don't you know, I've found out something awful about Mr. Green.

Hettie—Why, what can it be?

"He's a Mormon, or a bigamist."

"A bigamist!"

"Yes," he told me that his wife was one of a thousand. Only think of it."—*Boston Transcript.*

What a man don't say'll never hurt him much.

THE TABLES TURNED.

One pleasant spring day, a number of years ago, a farmer living in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, decided that as he had been working very hard for the few weeks preceding the time of our story, preparing his ground for the early crops, he would take a little time for recreation and improve it by a run through the forests with his dog and gun. Accordingly, about 9 o'clock on the day mentioned, he shouldered his gun and ammunition, and, calling his dog, off they started. They had not penetrated the forest very far when the dog started a rabbit. "Bang!" spoke the gun, and the little creature fell dead. A little farther on the man saw a pretty gray squirrel sitting on the limb of a tree nibbling at a nut, all unconscious of danger, and he shared the same fate. Thus they proceeded, killing everything in the shape of bird or beast which they encountered until about noon, when, becoming tired and hungry, the man sat down under a large tree with his dog at his feet and the gun lying beside him and produced from his gamebag a lunch, which he proceeded to eat, throwing the bits and bones to the dog. While thus engaged he fell asleep and his mind reversed the order of things and he had a dream which taught him the cruelty of what he had before thought sport. He dreamed that while he and the dog were sleeping under the tree a company of bears stole up and, seeing them there, decided to go hunting themselves. One bear took charge of the dog and held him so that he could not get away; another little bear took his large hat, and, sitting down with it between his feet, explored the inside, and the biggest bear of all took the gun and going off a little ways pointed it at the man, who, not stirring, another bear came and lifted him up to a standing position while the big bear was still pointing the gun at him and trying to pull the trigger. He felt himself tremble with fear, his legs refused to support him and the bears laughed aloud, they were so amused at his plight. All at once the big bear succeeded in pulling the trigger, and the gun went off with a bang, which awoke him from his troubled sleep. He started up in great alarm, but found that everything was just as he left it when he sat down, but great beads of perspiration were rolling down his face, and he could hardly realize that the dream had not been true. After this experience he could take no more pleasure in hunting, for he imagined he knew how the animals felt when hunted, and he went home to relate his adventure and to say that he had resolved never to take life again for amusement.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

BABY'S FIRST PRAYER.

Little fat fingers crossed meekly,
Mimicking patient mamma;
Gracie looks up to our Father;
Charmingly lisping "tah, tah."

This is the whole of her worship;
Yet he who promised to hear
Woe little lambs on his bosom,
Listens to baby's first prayer.

Sweet little picture of Heaven!
Well did the good Master say,
They must be like little children
Who would my Father obey.

Baby knows nothing of doubting,
Dark unbelief and despair;
All these she leaves to grown people,
Baby knows only her prayer.

So let it be, gracious Father,
All through her life's blessed day;
When clouds and darkness oppress her,
Teach her, great Teacher, to pray.

Tenderly lead and protect her,
Draw her with Fatherly love,
Make her both perfect and holy,
Fit for the mansions above.

Then, though my baby girl's future
Blissful or painful may be,
Her's is the ultimate welcome,
"Little one come unto me."

—[Picture World.]

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month on another page fifty-two new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of 6,360, with probably about half a million members.

At the December directors' meeting, President Angell reported that bound volumes of society publications, by vote of the Boston school committee, were now being sent to all the Normal, High, Latin and Grammar Schools of the city. They were also being sent to the libraries of 346 American colleges and universities. In response to Mr. Angell's call for funds to establish and incorporate "The American Humane Education Society" over \$2300 had been already subscribed. One hundred and forty-seven cases of cruelty have been dealt with by the Society's Boston agents during the month, 24 animals were taken from work and 39 mercifully killed.

GOOD NEWS.

We had the pleasure of announcing last month that "*The American Teacher*"—40,000 circulation—had given three and a half pages of its Christmas number to the importance of humane education and "*Bands of Mercy*" in our public schools.

Also that "*The Golden Rule*," organ of all the "*American Societies of Christian Endeavor*," had given two pages to the importance, in connection with other religious work, of humane education and "*Bands of Mercy*."

We have now the pleasure of saying that "*The Union Signal*" of Chicago, the organ of the *National Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, has given six columns to the importance, in connection with temperance work, of humane education and "*Bands of Mercy*."

Also that the *W. C. T. Union* of the great State of Pennsylvania has just established a *Department of Mercy*, which under charge of Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, Bryn Mawr, is to undertake the forming of all the juvenile temperance societies of the State into "*Bands of Mercy*."

OUR COLLEGE PRIZE.

Kind answers are pouring in upon us from the (346) American College and University Presidents, to whom we have written in regard to our prize offer for the best undergraduate essay on "*The effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*," and we are now sending, as rapidly as we can, bound volumes of this paper, and packages of our various publications to the various college and university libraries, and copies of condensed information to all the students.

What do we expect to gain?

(1.) It is no small matter to secure the attention and kind consideration of (346) Presidents of our American colleges and universities to the importance of humane education.

(2.) It is no less a gain to secure the attention and kind consideration of several thousands of our university and college professors and instructors. The importance of humane education will be talked over at their meetings—and our beautiful publications will be on their family tables, and be read and discussed in their homes.

(3.) The great body of American students,—possibly 70,000 before we get through.

We do not expect the sons of millionaires will care much for \$100.

It is not their fault that they were born in palaces—that their attention has never been called to the millions whom our churches never reach—in whose homes, in many cases, the name of the Almighty is never heard except in words of blasphemy—to whom humane teachings are unknown—and yet who are rapidly becoming American citizens.

Most of them probably have never thought of the seething, surging volcano that underlies our American institutions, into which foreign dynamiters and Anarchist Sunday schools are pouring, with all their might, the elements of destruction.

But there is another and vastly larger class in our colleges, from the ranks of whom are to come largely our presidents, governors, judges, law-makers, teachers, writers, speakers—men and women who will control our destiny for weal or woe. To these, \$100 and the honor of winning a national name and fame will be sufficient to call out the best and noblest effort. They will read our offer—they will read the condensed thought and information sent them—they will go to the college libraries and examine our bound volumes and other publications there; they will never forget what they read—and whether they win the prize or not, the more they think the clearer they will see that the little charities by which we now attempt to relieve and somewhat prevent human and animal suffering, when compared with the stupendous importance of humane education are only 'rush-lights to the full-orbed moon.'

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A THOUGHTFUL AND KIND LETTER.

"I enclose a check for five hundred dollars as a gift to your Society, to be acknowledged only as a gift, in memory of a beloved daughter, once a member of the Society." L.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back.

The perfect victory is to triumph over ourselves.—
[Thomas a Kempis.]

THE HON. SAMUEL E. SEWALL.

Just before going to press we learn with pain of the decease, in the 90th year of his age, of the above-named friend. With a large body of our fellow-citizens no name in Massachusetts is held in higher respect.

It was our privilege for upwards of thirteen years to be his partner in the practice of law. During all that time we never heard from him an unkind word, or saw an unkind act to any human being. We never knew a man of higher integrity or more unselfish philanthropy.

As a lawyer he ranked with the foremost of the Massachusetts bar, and his services, without money or price, were always at the command of the poor and oppressed.

Truly has the "*Boston Herald*" said: "*The same courage and loyalty to the wronged and defenceless, that fired a Chevalier Bayard, flamed out afresh in the heart of Samuel Edmund Sewall.*"

Truly has the "*Boston Journal*" said: "*He passed quietly and peacefully away after a life of four-score and nine years, ripe with golden fruitage of noble deeds grandly performed.*"

No better testimonial to his life can be given, than the audience that gathered at the Church of the Disciples at his funeral.

In the long line of distinguished ancestors from whom he came we think no one can be found more deserving. We have reason to thank God that he was born, lived, did all the good which he has done, and has now gone from earthly pain and sorrow to his final reward.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

583 HORSES.

To prove the importance of keeping the drinking fountains for horses open winter as well as summer, we stationed a man near our *Dorothea L. Dix* fountain, Custom-house Square, on Dec. 14th—a very cold day—the thermometer 6 deg. above zero in the morning and 10 above zero in the afternoon, with a high wind.

Five hundred and eighty-three horses—nearly all working horses—drank at that fountain during the day.

Dorothea L. Dix did a world of good for human beings during her life-time, and by leaving us \$500 to erect this fountain she will benefit the working horses of Boston for a hundred years to come.

DOCKING—A CRUEL PRACTICE.

The snobs who, here and there through the country, are aping English styles, and who dock their horses, will do well to read the following proclamation:

THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

It is a barbarous and cruel operation, in clear violation of the laws of Massachusetts, and may be punished by a \$250 fine and a year's imprisonment in jail. Any man who violates this law is a criminal, and any man who aids is a participes criminis. The cruelty is not only in the operation, but as the tail never can grow, the horse through life thereafter has no protection from flies, mosquitoes and other insects that torment. We have obtained in Massachusetts courts already three convictions, and I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$50 for evidence which shall enable us to convict of this cruel and barbarous practice.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

That is just the sort of document we like. A man who will dock his horse ought to be put out in the hot sun with his hands tied behind him, and left in that condition to fight the flies and mosquitoes. After a dose of ten hours daily for a week or two he would be prepared to join the humane society and promise never, no never, to be again guilty of docking a horse.—Orange County, N. Y., Farmer.

\$50,000 WANTED.

"The great need of our Country," said Hiram Powers to me at Florence many years ago, "is more education of the heart." I propose to form and incorporate "The American Humane Education Society," the object of which shall be to carry humane education, in all possible ways, into American schools and homes. Its work is needed in every town in this country, and fifty thousand dollars are wanted—part for immediate work, and part for a permanent fund to insure its perpetuity. I have now in bank \$1,300, which I am authorized to use for this purpose. I will undertake to raise for it \$1,200 more. I will also convey to it property valued at \$2,000, upon condition that it shall be returned to me if needed during my lifetime.

Several of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Boston are willing to act as its incorporators, and it is proposed to put the entire control of the Association's funds in a Board of Trustees, who shall by large giving, or otherwise, have shown interest in the work.

I now ask all who are willing to aid in founding a society which shall be sending its beneficent influence through all time, or until the coming of the millennium, into American schools and homes, to write me at once what they will be willing to contribute, *provided the Society shall be satisfactorily organized.*

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

SOME OF THE OBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

(1) To take charge of the thousands of Bands of Mercy, formed and now forming, all over this country. *This should be the work of a National, and not, as hitherto, of a State Society.*

IT COSTS NOTHING.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There never yet was a woman so gifted, wealthy, beautiful, or high in a social position that she was not marred by a cold, distant and supercilious bearing. *There are so many sorrowful things in life, there are so many hurts and wounds for all of us, it seems to me that every woman ought to cultivate a sweet manner and a kindly glance.* It costs nothing, and, like a ray of sunlight it warms and strengthens many a frost-bitten life whereon it falls. The truly great are never arrogant or cold, but modest and kind in demeanor; while the unworthy and presumptuous often assume an air of supercilious disdain to hide natural deficiencies.

(2) By circulation of humane literature, prizes, and otherwise, to interest and enlist the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instruction into all American Public and Private Schools.

(3) To enlist the educational, religious and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment, which will tend to check wars, riots, and crimes of violence, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will, not only to men, but also to all harmless living creatures.

(4) To enlist the Protestant and Roman Catholic Clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their Churches and Sunday Schools.

(5) Through the employment of suitable agents, and otherwise, to endeavor to organize active and enduring Humane Societies in states and territories where they are much needed.

It is hoped through a vigorous execution of plans, which have been already carefully considered, to make "The American Humane Education Society" one of the most useful and powerful of American Missions.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

We are glad to acknowledge subscriptions to the proposed society to the amount of \$2,410. This is a good beginning, but we want \$50,000.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily, loudly, cheerily,
Blythe old bells from the steeple tower;

Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from the maiden bower.

Knell out drearily, measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray;

Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.



THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

A FABLE WHICH MANY AMERICANS WOULD DO WELL TO READ.

A young man once picked up a silver dollar lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days as he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money in.

A FEW SHORT EXTRACTS.

Taconia, Washington Territory. I will endeavor to organize a large "Band of Mercy" here.

Waterloo, Iowa. Please send me how to organize a "Band of Mercy" here.

Nanticoke, Pa. I want to form a "Band of Mercy" here in this town of 12,000 inhabitants.

Grand Rapids, Mich. I have formed a "Band of Mercy" in my school here.

Jersey City, N. J. "We have formed a Band of Mercy in our school." I think its influence will be a power of good.

Tower City, Dakota Territory. I wish a copy of each of your publications, and will try to do what I can to have our community interested.

Indian Territory. Dear brother: I teach a mission school in the Choctaw nation under Board of Missions of Presbyterian church, have read your Nashville address in "Golden Rule" of Nov. 15. Please send me literature that may teach my pupils.

Pottstown, Pa. Through "American Teacher" I have learned of your "Bands of Mercy." Please send information. I want to get started before Christmas.

Muskogee, Indian Territory. The children are enthusiastic over their band, and are really trying to keep their pledges.

Philadelphia. Golden Eagle Band. Our boys and girls courageously rebuke offenders, saying "We belong to the Band of Mercy." God has widely blessed and extended your noble work.

Portland, Me. I value your paper beyond expression.

Bennett, Nebraska. Please send me papers to form a society.

Monroe, Wis. The Superintendent of Public Schools in Stephenson county, Ill., intends establishing a "Band of Mercy" in every public school in the County.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

There stood a tiny convent,
So old legends run,
In a green and fertile meadow
Of which, when day was done,
The children made a playground,
And frolicked in the sun.

But the old monks spoke complaining:
"They drive all thought away,
In the woods the birds keep singing
Throughout the livelong day,
And the laughter of the children
Disturbs us when we pray."

Then spake the kind old abbot:
"The woodland music sweet,
The sound of little voices,
And the tramp of childish feet,
Are surely sent to gladden
And hallow our retreat."

"They bring with them a blessing,
These happy, guileless things;
When I catch the children's laughter,
Or when some small bird sings,
I think upon the angels
And hear their rustling wings."

"For myself, I love the children,"
The abbot said and smiled,
"Amid a world of evil
They as yet walk undefiled,
A likeness of the Saviour
Who for us became a child."

"I love to watch them flitting
To and fro among the trees,
And feel their clasping fingers
As they cling about my knees;
And they who enter Heaven
Must be even such as these."

"They have taught me many a lesson,
For their pure and earnest eyes
Read many a myst'ry hidden
From the world-worn and the wise,
For they were lately walking
In the fields of Paradise."

"He who 'suffered' little children
Loves and watches o'er them still;
In the green and pleasant meadows
They are safe from every ill;
Should we drive them hence, my brethren,
Are we sure we do his will?"

"Our eyes are often holden,
Our faith is often dim,
Then bethink you well, my brothers,
Lest thro' any foolish whim
In turning from the children
We also turn from Him."

Then the brothers all made answer,
As each sought his silent cell,
"In the green and fertile pastures
Christ's lambs shall surely dwell;
They are welcome, Father Abbot,
For we see thou speakest well."

So the song birds sang and mated
Beside the convent gray,
And the old monks watched the children,
And smiled upon their play,
Then found a double blessing
As they knelt to praise and pray.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 6309 Cincinnati, Ohio.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Wm. Dreckmeyer.
S., Eva Cahn.
- 6310 Whiting, Kansas.
P., Victoria Bennet.
S., Emma Thompson.
- 6311 South Bend, Ind.
P., Helen A. Johnson.
- 6312 La Porte, Ind.
Henry Bergh Band.
P., Katharine Moore.
S., Bertha Clark.
- 6313 Holland, Ind.
P., Daniel H. Stark.
- 6314 New York, N. Y.
Boys' Reading Room
Band.
P., Dr. P. A. O'Malley.
S., Dr. P. A. O'Malley.
- 6315 Quincy, Ill.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Effie Apsley.
- 6316 Rockford, Ill.
No Band.
P., Flora E. Spellman.
- 6317 Ambrey, Quebec, Can.
P., Constance Dowling.
- 6318 Excelsior, Minn.
True Workers Band.
P., Mollie T. Scott.
- 6319 Wein, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Lydia Osterbrink.
- 6320 St. Paul, Neb.
Warsaw School Band.
P., Hettie Moore.
- 6321 South Bend, Ind.
Kindness Band.
P., Harry Rodgers.
- 6322 Madera, Cal.
P., Mrs. D. B. McFaul.
- 6323 Jersey City, N. J.
Public School, No. 17.
P., M. J. Rappleyea.
- 6324 Nevada, Iowa.
Protection Band.
P., Mrs. Mary E. Boynton.

- 6325 Kansas City, Mo.
Morse School Band.
P., Olive Blunt.
- 6326 East Randolph, Vt.
P., Mary Camp.
- 6327 Grand Rapids, Mich.
Straight St. Band.
P., Anna Carroll.
- 6328 Scranton, Pa.
Kindergarten Band.
P., M. Worcester.
- 6329 Linwood, Ohio.
P., Carrie Ferris.
- 6330 Rockford, Ill.
No. 2 Band.
P., Mrs. L. E. Rice.
- 6331 No. 3. Band.
P., Jennie Black.
- 6332 No. 4 Band.
P., Rose Cassidy.
- 6333 Vark, Kansas.
P., Elizabeth Shields.
- 6334 Roseville, Cal.
Dewdrop Band.
P., Mamie Murray.
- 6335 Spencer, West Va.
Rock Camp Band.
P., C. F. West.
S., Jeff. Springston.
- 6336 Midland, Texas.
P., Mrs. A. D. Walker.
- 6337 Litiz, Pa.
Secondary School Band.
P., Virginia Grosh.
- 6338 Waukegan, Ill.
L. T. L. Band.
S., May Gridley.
- 6339 Detroit, Mich.
Tappan School Band.
P., Lydia C. Deike.
- 6340 Greenburg, Ind.
P., Lucinda S. La Rue.
- 6341 Western Springs, Ill.
Hope Band.
P., Adaline B. Hill.
- 6342 Prairie du Sac, Wis.
P., Katie Crook.

- 6343 Midland, Texas.
Lone Star Band.
P., David Thomas.
- 6344 Northampton, Mass.
Bay State Band.
P., Sarah E. Owens.
- 6345 Sardis, Ohio.
P., Alice Richardson.
- 6346 Sidney, Ohio.
P., T. P. L. Hamilton.
- 6347 Berea, Ohio.
P., Hannah A. Foster.
- 6348 Edgar, Neb.
P., Mrs. J. M. Cobb.
S., Sadie Carr.
- 6349 Helena, Montana.
P., Mrs. Sarah E. Merriam.
- 6350 Lawrence, Mass.
P., Edw. Doherty.
- 6351 Knightstown, Ind.
Do Right Band.
P., Mrs. Jennie Roberts.
- 6352 Rose Band.
P., Ola Cameron.
- 6353 Pansy Band.
P., Julia Bowman.
- 6354 Silver Band.
P., Lizzie Welborn.
- 6355 Hewitt Band.
P., Maggie Cameron.
- 6356 Never Fail Band.
P., Miss Dungan.
- 6357 Oriole Band.
P., L. M. Compton.
- 6358 Violet Band.
Emma Byerly.
- 6359 Golden Rule Band.
P., Oscar Baker.
- 6360 Rayville, Ind.
Bluebird Band.
P., Jno. M. Bishop.

And the convent grew and flourished
As a house of holy rest,
And with many a heavenly vision
Was the saintly abbot blest,
For the Lord who loved the children
Tarried always as his guest.

—Christian Burke, in *Wide Awake*.

THE KICKING COWS.

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barnyard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a very cold morning. The cattle were all very still and meek till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and

hurt another. In five minutes the whole herd was kicking each other with fury. My mother said: 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say: 'Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the barnyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.'"—*American Teacher*.

PITTSBURG, PA.

The annual reports of the West Pa. Humane Society, of which Prof. Leonard B. Eaton is President, show annual receipts and expenses about \$2,500, 234 cases of cruelty to children dealt with, and 163 of cruelty to animals.

Don't forget the animals. Provide comfortable winter quarters for all of your stock. It will pay you.

SWALLOWS INVADE A STEAMER.

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred the other day on board the French steamboat *Abd-el-Kader* during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the sky became quite black with swallows. It was then about 6 o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails, ropes and yards of the *Abd-el-Kader*. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers and eventually found their way into the cabins both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food, which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at 7 o'clock the head lookout bird no doubt sighted the Balearic Isles, for the whole flock made for land, after having spent a comfortable and refreshing night on board ship.—*London Daily Telegraph*.



WINTER IN VERMONT.

We are indebted to "Golden Days," Philadelphia, for this beautiful cut.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

'Twas a bitter cold morning; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go;
The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.
Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and cold,
And sighed for sweet Summer, the shy and the bold;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.
Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

—[D. H. R. Goodale.

The son of a Detroit railroad man was punished at school. He told his father he was suffering from a misplaced switch.—*Detroit Free Press*.

CAUGHT IN A VERMONT SNOW-STORM.

BY C. S. MESSENGER.

The day of the great snow-storm last winter, there was to be a children's performance of *The Mikado* at Bennington, Vt., and Harry Wilcox, who lives in White Creek, about six miles from Bennington, had been promised that he might drive over in his pony sleigh and take Mary Howe with him.

He was a bright, active boy of twelve, and Mary a little neighbor of his of ten. They were rather young folks to go travelling without their mothers or fathers, but Mary had an aunt Lucretia in Bennington, who would take care of her there, and see that she was well wrapped up when she should start to go home.

Harry had a pony named Duncan, which he drove to a small wagon in summer, and now his father had given him a sleigh, as handsome as any large one, and provided with plenty of fur robes. Harry had worked hard through haying and harvesting, and had actually earned the money that was paid for the sleigh.

His father, Mr. Stephen Wilcox, has a large farm and keeps a great many sheep, which he drives up on the mountains in summer and feeds in the valleys in winter. Mary Howe's father also is a farmer whose house is about half a mile from Mr. Wilcox's.

The day of *The Mikado* Mrs. Howe brought Mary over to Mr. Wilcox's and saw her well packed in the sleigh with Harry; and, although the sky was overcast, neither she nor Mrs. Wilcox thought much about the weather, only charging Harry to keep the sleigh-robes tucked in and to start for home as soon as the performance should be over.

The young folks drove off merrily on the snowy road, and Harry sang some of the Mikado songs which his mother had taught him. The sleighing was not very good, because the snow was too deep; but Duncan pulled them along stoutly, and they made the six miles in a little more than an hour, and in good season for the performance. It began to snow before they reached Bennington.

Aunt Lucretia was at the hall to meet Mary, and the performance delighted them all. Harry heard, on the stage, all the Mikado songs his mother had taught him. He now understood better what they meant.

When they came out of the hall it was still snowing, and Aunt Lucretia said they had better stay all night. Harry said "Oh! No! Duncan would take them home in an hour;" and Aunt Lucretia, without thinking very much about the snow, wrapped Mary up well and let them set out.

They found the drive less pleasant going to-

wards home. The snow was falling fast and they had to bend their heads to keep it out of their eyes.

It was hard for Duncan to wade through it.

He broke into a trot now and then; yet Harry did not think for a moment that he would not bring them home in good time.

Harry and Mary talked about *The Mikado* in spite of the wind. Then they talked about snow-houses, and Harry asked Mary how she would like a snow-house made of ice-cream, so that she could sit in it and eat the sides with a spoon!

The snow kept covering up their hats and capes, but they would brush it off and laugh about it, and pull the bear-skin robe up higher, so that it would almost cover their heads.

They had got a long way past the last house in the valley, and some distance up the long hill they had to climb and on which there were no houses, when Duncan stopped. Harry spoke to him, but the pony would not start. Harry touched him with the whip, and the brave little horse made a few steps forward and then halted.

Harry got out of the sleigh and went to him and found him all of a tremble. He was a high-spirited pony, and had worked with all his might to draw them so far through the snow-drifts, and now was almost dead. He could not go any farther.

Harry did not know what to do. At first he thought Mary and he would have to walk back to the last house, but he saw that the snow was certainly too deep for Mary. She was frightened and began to cry. He said, "Don't be afraid! It will be all right in a few minutes," and he covered her up snugly with the sleigh-ropes, and put Duncan's blanket on him, and told Mary to keep warm while he would go back to the last house and get a man to help them.

He started back through the drifts, which he found very deep. Some of them, through which Duncan had plunged only a little while before, were up to Harry's shoulder. He found he could not possibly go to the farmhouse, and turned back to the sleigh, wandering what Mary and he and Duncan were to do.

He found Duncan had moved a little to get under the shelter of a clump of birches and was out of the wind. The snow, however, was piling up fast over him and over the sleigh.

Just then he thought of Lieutenant Greely in the Arctic regions; how his men had often lain out in their sleeping-bags in the snow-storms, when on their long excursions across the ice-fields, and he said to himself, "If we had some sleeping-bags!" Then in a moment he thought, "Why can't we sleep in the sleigh with the robes over us?"

"Mary," said he, "we have got to stay here till they break the roads, and we must lie down in the bottom of the sleigh and cover ourselves all up with the robes." "What will mother do if we don't come?" said Mary. "She'll think we are frozen to death!" "Oh, no!" replied Harry, "she'll think we staid at your Aunt Lucretia's. We can go home as soon as the farmers break the roads in the morning."

Then he got into the sleigh, and holding up the robes toward the wind, told Mary to put the cushion on the bottom of the sleigh, under the seat, and lie down with her head on it. Then he quickly tucked the robes in on her side and lay down himself on the other side, with the robes reaching entirely over them and over the seat of the sleigh.

If they had been nervous, old people, they would have thought, perhaps, that they could not breathe; but there was a little space between their faces and the seat above, and they were too young to think much about ventilation.

"Now," said Harry, "go to sleep, Mary, and in a minute it will be morning, and you will hear the farmers coming along, breaking the roads." "I don't know as I can go to sleep," replied Mary, but she said her prayers to herself and kept very quiet, and soon was truly fast asleep.

Harry lay awake somewhat longer, listening to the wind and wishing that poor Duncan were as comfortable as Mary and he were. Then he went to sleep, too.

Meanwhile, at Mr. Wilcox's, the snow had begun to frighten Harry's mother. She could see it piling up in the road, and she said to herself, "If Lucretia lets the children start in this storm they will never get here." She kept hoping that Mary's aunt had kept them in Bennington, but she was very anxious.

About six o'clock Mr. Wilcox came in stamping his feet and saying, "This is the biggest snow-storm of the season."

"Oh, Stephen!" said Mrs. Wilcox, "I am so anxious about Harry and Mary. I'm afraid they have started home from Bennington and can't get through the drifts." "Nonsense," said Mr. Wilcox, "Lucretia would never let them start in this weather." "But suppose she has," rejoined Mrs. Wilcox, "they will certainly be lost in the snow and be frozen to death!"

Mr. Wilcox could not help being anxious himself, and after a minute he said, "Well, I'll go over to Eagle Bridge and telegraph to Bennington, and then we shall feel easy."

"How can you get to Eagle Bridge through the drifts?" "Well, I can't go in a sleigh, but I will take Patchen and go on horseback."

Mrs. Wilcox was thankful indeed for this, and Mr. Wilcox went off in a few minutes on his great horse Patchen.

About an hour afterwards he plunged into his neighbor's yard, calling aloud, "Howe, get out your team and bring all hands to break the road to Bennington, Harry and Mary started home at five o'clock and must be in the drifts somewhere."

Mrs. Howe heard this and almost fell to the floor. Mr. Howe sprang for his greatcoat and called to his hired men, while Mr. Wilcox hurried to his own house. As he rode into the yard Mrs. Wilcox came to the door with a light and saw on his face that the children had started for home.

"David," shouted Mr. Wilcox to his man, "yoke the old oxen to the sled—don't stop to take Patchen's saddle off. Hurry!—Wife, where is Hero? call him; give me some bottles of hot water and a flask of brandy, be quick!"

In a few moments his wife had these ready, and when he got into the yard, David Riley, his man, had the oxen there, and Hero, the St. Bernard dog.

"Mr. Howe has gone by with two yoke of cattle," said David, "and called out to me to tell you."

Mr. Wilcox laid the whip over his oxen's backs and pushed on after Mr. Howe. Soon both teams got where the drifts were too deep for them, but the two fathers and their men worked like tigers with their shovels, opening a path for the oxen.

Mr. Wilcox kept sending Hero forward, hoping he would find the sleigh with Harry and Mary in it, saying, "Hero, go find Harry, go find Harry," pointing to the road. Hero would plunge forward and be gone ten or fifteen minutes and then come back silent.

The men all worked with desperation. It took them more than an hour to go a mile. At nine o'clock they had not got half-way to Bennington. At ten the storm ceased and soon the moon shone brightly. They were nearly at the top of the hill which Harry was going up when Duncan's strength gave out. At the top Mr. Wilcox looked down the road ahead. He could see nothing but the white lane of snow leading away toward Bennington.

"Now, Hero," he cried, "good boy—on, Hero, find Harry, find Harry." Hero leaped forward again. The men and the oxen labored on.

A few minutes afterwards David Riley spoke. "I heard Hero bark, Mr. Wilcox!" "No," said Mr. Wilcox, "I did not hear it." "Yes, there it is," said David, and in a moment all hands heard it.

"He has found something," cried Mr. Wilcox. "Oh! my child, my child!"

On pushed the men and the oxen, but very slowly. The sound of the dog's voice came nearer, and shortly Hero appeared, barking and wagging his tail. As soon as he had seen Mr. Wilcox and knew he was coming, he bounded forward again and was soon out of sight.

When near the foot of the hill, the party looking ahead could see Hero in the snow on one

side of the road. He was barking loudly. On they pressed, and soon came up with the dog.

Mr. Wilcox sprang to Hero's side, and there in front of him was a mound of snow which might contain the sleigh and the children.

"Oh, my God!" said he, "my child, my child!" He stepped forward with his shovel and began gently to push the snow from the top of the mound. In a little while he saw a movement in the snow and then heard a whinny from the pony, who was alive, but had been buried so deep that he had not heard the dog. Hero was almost wild when he heard the pony's whinny, for Duncan and he were great friends.

Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Howe threw down their shovels, and began to dig down to the sleigh with their hands. They trembled, fearing to come upon the frozen bodies of their children.

Shortly the black bear-skin robe began to show itself and seemed to lie flat, as though the sleigh contained no occupant. "They have left the sleigh," said Mr. Wilcox, "and tried to go to the next house, and are probably lost." Mr. Howe worked on, and seizing the bear-robe turned it over, when another robe laid flat came in sight. This he pulled off also, and there, with their faces turned up in the full light of the moon, lay Harry and Mary asleep. They might be dead—they lay so still, but David Riley, who had pushed his face down near to them, called out, "They're asleep," and, so loudly that Harry stirred and opened his eyes.

Mr. Wilcox, strong man that he was, cried like a baby, and I think there was hardly a dry eye in the party.

"Now, men," said Mr. Howe, "get the teams turned round for home!"

When this had been done, the sleigh and the pony were both lifted on to the big ox-sled.

Harry and Mary were seated again in the sleigh with the bottles of hot water at their feet, and the happy party set out for White Creek, Hero barking and leading the way.

When they drew near to Mr. Wilcox's house David Riley said, "I'll go ahead with Hero and tell Mrs. Wilcox," but he was so exhausted with the shoveling he had done that he could hardly go faster than the oxen. As he came into the yard the two mothers heard Hero bark and came anxiously to the door. David staggered toward them and gasped, "They are safe, Mrs. Wilcox."

"I thank my Heavenly Father," she cried, and swooned to the floor.

Mrs. Howe, who was herself crying for joy, with David's ready help carried her into the sitting-room and laid her on the sofa, and in a minute Harry was at his mother's side. It was not long before she revived and clasped her boy in her arms.

"If I hadn't read Lieutenant Greely's book, mother, I shouldn't have known what to do," said he.

Mrs. Howe and Mary staid all night, and Mary helped Harry feed Duncan in the morning. Hero lay in Duncan's stall with one eye open, and he and Duncan became greater friends than ever.—"*Wide Awake.*"

AN AMENDMENT TO THE PRAYER.

(Boston Transcript.)

I have lately heard from an old minister who had retired from active service, but who still retained his seat in his former pulpit while candidates were preaching there. He always offered the closing prayer, and after asking the Lord to bless His servant who had broken the bread of life to His people that day, was accustomed to add, "and may he shine as a star of the first magnitude forever and forever." But it happened one Sunday that a very dull and ordinary preacher occupied the pulpit, and the good old minister was unutterably bored. When it was time for the prayer he offered the usual petition that the Lord would bless His servant who had addressed the people that day, and—here he paused. His faith was not strong enough to allow him to conclude the sentence in the customary way; so the conscientious old man added firmly: "And may he shine as a star of considerable magnitude for ever and ever."

A train stopped at a depot, where a workman was digging. A lady passenger enquired, "what are you digging for?" "A dollar a day, marm," said he.

TWO OLD CAT.

Oh, yes, I saw the players and their parti-colored socks,
And the "captain" and the "umpire" and the "pitcher" in
his "box;"
They are modern innovations that I noted as I sat
Alone with you. It won't compare with

Two
Old
Cat!

You remember how we played it, Jim, when you and I were
young,
And upon the farm together? Why has poet never sung
Of the game of lane and roadway? What can now compare
with that?

There is life-blood in the memory of
Two
Old
Cat!

When the odors of the haying sweet and musky made the
the air,
And crows were cawing far away, and nature's face was
fair,
When the corn was waving softly, then the boy with
ragged hat
Felt his pulse thrill in the rivalry of
Two
Old
Cat!

Our bats were whittled out of pine, and any size would do;
Our ball of yarn wound tightly round a piece of rubber
shoe.
And covered o'er with calfskin tight, and oh, Jehosaphat!
How we did welt the whizzing thing in
Two
Old
Cat!

I'm in favor of improvements, but the style of ball today
Seems to lack the healthful features of the good, old-fash-
ioned way;
It's complicated for me, and the game those men were at
Wasn't stirring in comparison with
Two
Old
Cat!

—Chicago Mail.

"HAPPY THOUGHT."

The Rev. J. G. Wood is the author of the fol-
lowing "Happy Thoughts" which are worthy
bits of irony:

The Creator has taken the greatest care to
make the whole hoof as light as possible.
"Happy thought," says man; "Let us hang a
pound or so on each hoof, and make the horse
waste his strength in lifting it."

He has made the wall exceedingly strong.
"Happy thought! Let us weaken it by cutting
it away."

He has made this wall nearly as hard as iron.
"Happy thought! Let us soften it by 'stop-
ping.'"

He has furnished the hoof with an elastic pad
called the "frog," so as to prevent any jar when
the horse steps. "Happy thought! Let us cut
away the pad and make the horse's weight come
upon a ring of iron."

Again, the sole of the foot has been made
archwise of successive layers of exceedingly
hard horn. It bids defiance to hard and sharp-
edged objects.

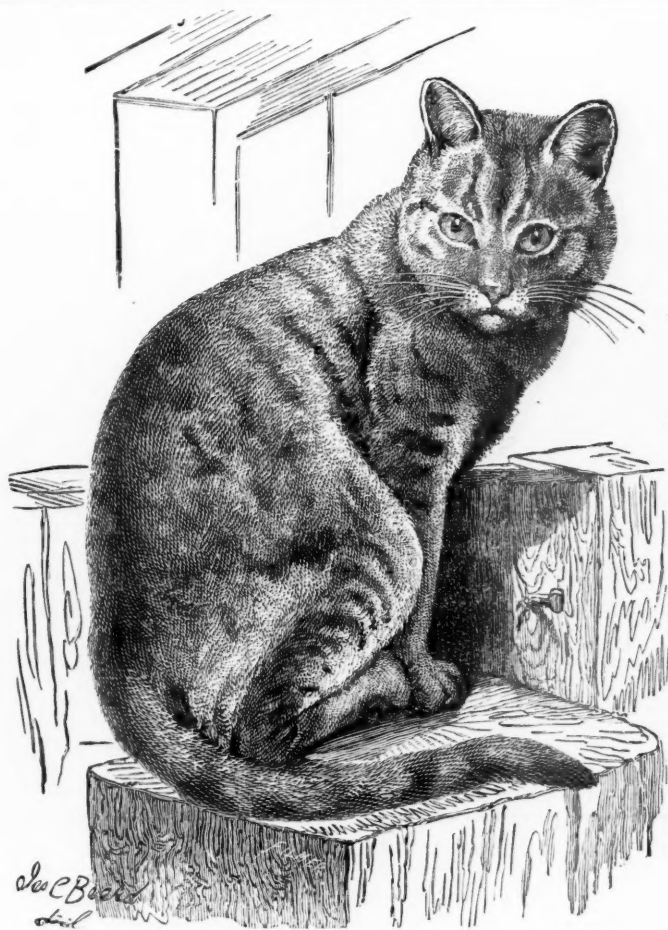
So the sole inspires man with another happy
thought: "Let us pare it so thin that it not
only cannot resist the pressure of the horse's
weight upon a stone, but yield to the pressure of
the human thumb."

The coronary rings, from which the fibers of
the wall are secreted, is guarded by a penthouse
of hair which causes wet to shoot off as it does
from the eaves of a house. "Happy thought!
Let us snip away the hair, and let the water
make its way into the coronary ring."

So, after working his sweet will upon the hoof,
man wonders at its weakness, and lays down the
silly axiom that "One horse can wear out four
sets of legs," which is equivalent to saying that
the Creator did not know how to make a horse.

A Northerner says he went to Florida for a little change
and rest, but failed. *The waiters got all his change, and
the hotels got the rest.*—Ex.

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.
—COMFORT.



We are indebted to the "Church Union," New York, for the loan of
HIS HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF GRIMALKIN.

THE QUINCY HOUSE (BOSTON) CAT.

At the Quincy House in Boston may be
seen in the office an oil painting of an im-
mense cat. The first time I noticed the
picture, I was proceeding into the dining-
room, and while waiting for dinner was
amused at seeing the original of the picture
walk sedately in, all alone, and going to an
empty table seat himself with majestic grace
in a chair. The waiter, seeing him, came
forward and pushed up the chair as he would
do for any other guest. The cat then waited
patiently without putting his paws on the
table or violating any other law of table
etiquette, until a plate of meat came, cut up
to suit his taste (I did not hear him give his
order!), and then placing his front paws on
the edge of the table he ate from his plate.
When he had finished, he descended from
his table and stalked out of the room with
much dignity.—Helen M. Winslow, in *Nov-
ember Wide Awake*.

"Vat," said the collector for a little German band to a
citizen who sat in his front window, "you no gift
noddings for dot moosic?" "Not a cent," replied the
citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Den ve blay some more,
dat's all," threatened the collector, and the citizen hastily
gave a quarter.—*The Epoch*.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

(In Golden Days.)

A kind action, performed with no further in-
tention than that it *should* be a kind action, very
often brings with it a reward beyond that con-
tained in itself.

You all, no doubt, will remember the story of
Androcles and the thorn in the lion's paw, so it
is no good telling you it again; but I will tell
you another story, and a true one, which
happened to myself, and which teaches exactly
the same lesson.

I had not been married a great while, and was
as happy as it was possible to be, along with my
Mary in our snug little home. But the time of
parting had come. I was captain of the schooner
Lightning, and she was to sail that night. It
was the last voyage I meant to make. Provi-
dence had been good to me, and I had saved a
comfortable little nest-egg, which was safe in the
bank.

It was my last evening at home, and I was a
bit down in the mouth. We were sitting togeth-
er in our little parlor; the fire was burning
brightly, the little white kitten was rolled up like
a big snowball on the hearth-rug. The curtains
were drawn, and everything was snug and ship-
shape as could be.

The only things I did not like seeing were my
coat and comforter hanging over the back of a
chair warming for me, and the bright tears in
Mary's eyes. I did not like going, I can tell
you. But what was to be, was; the time had
come, so I got up and put my coat on, and
Mary she tied the comforter round my neck.

Poor child, how she did fumble with it! But

then she could not see for tears; and—I am not ashamed to own it, neither—I felt as if I had got an apple in my throat.

"God bless you, my dear," I said, as I took her in my arms, "and keep you safe till I'm back."

"Oh, Bob, you'll want more taking care of than I will."

"Well, dear, He's able and kind enough to take care of the two of us."

"Yes, I know that, Bob; but it's hard parting, nevertheless."

And my poor wife burst out crying worse than ever.

I knew it was no good staying longer; the parting had to come, and the sooner it was over the better. I gave her one long kiss and turned to the door, when, just at that moment, the little white kitten awoke and stretched itself, and a notion came into my head all in a moment that I would take it with me. I picked it up, and buttoning it inside my coat, I hurried away from the house and down to the wharf.

Often and often I have wondered what could have put the idea into my head of taking the kitten, and the only conclusion I can come to is that it was Providence; and, boys, I believe you will agree with me when you have heard my story.

We set sail that night, and the kitten very soon made herself quite at home in my cabin. I was glad I had brought her with me, for seeing her curled up before the stove gave the place a home-like air.

Things went well with us, and the voyage promised to be a prosperous and happy one.

We had reached our destination in safety, discharged our cargo, shipped a return one, and were nearing the New England coast, when the weather suddenly changed for the worse, and we saw clearly that we should have some knocking about before we were safely berthed in Boston Bay.

The wind rose gradually, but surely, till it was blowing great guns, and, to make matters worse, the cold became intense, as blinding showers of sleet and snow swept past us.

For two days we ran before the storm close-reefed, but the straining and buffeting the vessel had undergone at length told upon her, and she sprang a leak.

We were now off the coast of Maine, and I made up my mind to try and get into Portland.

All hands were working the pumps, but, work as we would, we found the water gaining on us, and in my own mind I very much doubted any of us ever setting foot on dry land again.

Night was coming on when the ship became unmanageable. A tremendous sea had smashed the rudder, and we were a plaything of the waves, tossed about like a feather, but ever slowly drifting on to the rock-bound coast.

Ah, boys, it was a night the like of which I had never been out in before, and I hope I never may be again. The sea swept clean over us.

The ship was doomed, I saw that, and we couldn't let the people on land know our position, for the water had got to the powder and blue-lights.

It was just about midnight, as well as we could judge, when the vessel struck with a crash that knocked us all off our legs, and a big sea, dashing over us at the same moment, washed away three of our crew.

It now became merely a battle between the vessel and the sea, and we were the unwilling and helpless spectators. Our only chance for life was that she would hold together until the morning, and that we might be seen from the shore and picked off by some life-saving crew. There was nothing for us to do but to wait.

What a night it was! None of us would go below, for if the ship were washed off the rock, she would founder at once, and take down with her all who were below deck.

When I say none of us went below, I made a mistake. I did, at a great risk; I went to get the little white kitten. When I entered my cabin, there I saw her curled up fast asleep on my bunk.

I was determined she should not be lost if I could help it, and, as on the evening I left home, I buttoned her up inside my coat, next to my breast, and again made my way on deck.

There were only three of us left—myself, the

cook and a sailor. The cook and I made ourselves fast to the mast as well as we could, and we shouted to the other man to come to us.

Poor fellow! he was doing his best to obey, when a sea came, and we saw him no more.

I don't know, boys, that I can describe our sufferings all through that night. You may imagine them, but words wouldn't paint them.

We were wet to the skin, and the cold seemed to go through us like knives. I tried to keep the kitten warm, but it was wretched enough, poor little thing! and kept on mewling, and every time I heard it, my thoughts flew over the raging waves to my own snug home, where some one, I knew, was praying for me, and the thought of that gave me courage again.

Day dawned at length, and I was able to see my companion's face. He hadn't spoken for some time, and I was almost afraid he was dead, but I then found it was the sleep produced by the cold.

He was only kept up by the rope with which he had fastened himself to the mast, and, as the light became stronger, I found the knot had given a bit, and it did not seem very safe.

I could not rouse him, and at last the knot gave, he rolled on the deck, and a wave dashing over us that moment carried him away, and his sufferings were at an end.

I and the kitten were all alone now, the only two living things out of those who had been so full of life and hope but a few days before.

No one can tell the feeling of thankfulness and joy with which I soon after saw the life-boat nearing me; but by the time I was safe in her I was pretty well at my last gasp.

For three or four days after I got on shore I was in bed, helpless; but the kind people who took care of me, took care of my kitten as well. She recovered quicker than I did, and as I lay there, I used to watch her playing about the floor.

On my way home, a thought came into my head, and I planned a surprise for Mary. I had, of course, got the people who had taken care of me to let her know I was safe, but she didn't know the exact time I should be home.

It was quite dark when I arrived at the cottage, with the kitten inside my coat. I opened the door quietly, and found the parlor door ajar, and looking through the crack I could see Mary sitting by the table at work. I stooped down and placed the kitten on the floor just inside the room.

She seemed to know where she was in a moment, for she trotted round to where Mary was sitting, and, jumping into her lap, she stretched up and rubbed her face against hers.

I watched through the crack and saw my wife start and turn very pale, and then as she seemed to recognize the kitten, she said, in a half whisper I could just hear:

"Why, kitty, where did you come from?"

A mew was all the answer she received. But Mary seemed to guess that I was not far off, and she rose up and came toward the door.

I could not stand it any longer, and the next moment she was in my arms.

Boys, I am ashamed to say for the next ten minutes kitty was forgotten. And when we did remember her, she was curled up, fast asleep, in her old place in front of the fire, and seemed quite to have forgotten that she had ever saved my life, for if it had not been for her putting a little courage and hope into my heart I should not be here now talking to you.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ROY.

He was a bright little black-and-tan dog, and he had not been with us long before he discovered that when he wanted anything very badly, if he would sit up on his hind feet and drop his front paws he would generally get it.

One day a flock of some eight or ten English sparrows lit on a low bush in our garden. I called Roy's attention to them, and immediately he was after them, throwing out his little legs behind in a wild chase down the gravel path. For some minutes a fruitless race continued, the sparrows evidently enjoying the fun as much as any one. Suddenly Roy stopped and then came running to where I stood, and deliberately sitting up on his hind feet dropped his paws as though he were saying, "Please give me the sparrows."

It is needless to add that for once his little trick did not succeed.

A. T. B.

A FEW FROM MANY RECENT PRESS NOTICES OF OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

1. "Our Dumb Animals" grows more vigorous with every number." Christian Leader, Cincinnati, Ohio.
2. "Beautiful humane journal." Southern Cultivator, Atlanta, Georgia.
3. "No person can read it without being benefited." Iowa Plain Dealer.
4. "Should be in every family where there are children." San Jose, Cal., Daily Morning Times.
5. "A most excellent publication." North Western Live Stock Journal.
6. "We wish it could be placed in the hands of every person who has anything to do with animals." Faribault, Minn., Republican.
7. "One of the noblest papers in the land." Mills Co., Iowa Journal.
8. "Excellent paper. We should like to see it in every family in the land." Jefferson, Texas, Weekly.
9. "It ought to be in every home." Knoxville, Tenn., Methodist.
10. "We wish everybody could read this charming monthly, especially in schools and by children." Preston Co., West Va., Journal.
11. "We would be glad to see this paper in every household. Its influence in any family as an educator of conscience and sentiment would be worth many times its cost." Syracuse Journal.
12. "Every child should have an opportunity to read this paper." Richland County, Dakota, Gazette.
13. "Ought to be in the hands of every boy in the land." Harrisburgh, Pa., Telegraph.
14. "Full of good reading." Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tenn.
15. "Its articles are always pure and teach noble and elevating lessons." Ashland, Kansas, Journal.
16. "The kind of literature that should be in the hands of young folks." Los Angeles, Cal., Christian Advocate.
17. "One of the best papers in America. No family should be without it." Marshall County, Minn., Banner.
18. "We advise every parent and teacher to send for it." School Education, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
19. "Blessing and mercy attend the circulation of 'Our Dumb Animals.' Children and parents will alike be profited by perusing its pages." Zion's Herald, Boston.

HOW OUR READERS, OLD AND YOUNG, CAN MAKE MONEY.

We offer to all who secure four or more annual fifty cent subscriptions to this paper one-half the money. Every boy or girl who gets four makes a dollar—if forty, ten dollars—if four hundred, one hundred dollars. A Boston boy fourteen years old has just sent in eighteen subscriptions and receives for them four dollars and fifty cents. He is going to get a musical education and is going to pay for it by getting subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals." Thousands of other boys and girls can do the same.

We want a million subscribers and do not want to make a single penny out of the subscriptions.

We will send sample copies to all who wish to canvass. On receipt at this office in money, or postoffice orders, or express orders, or postage stamps, or checks on Boston or New York, of the four or more half subscriptions, we will send the paper as ordered for one year. We hope that some man, woman or child in every town, not only in Massachusetts but in America, will in the interest of the dumb animals whom we are trying to protect engage in this work.

We believe there is no better way to wake up public sentiment on this subject in any city or town, North, South, East or West, than to get the best and most influential people to subscribe for, read, and circulate this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MANLY MAN.

It isn't the boy who doubles his fists

And thrusts them under another's nose,

Baring the sleeves from his rigid wrists

Ready to rain vindictive blows;

Whose tongue is ready with gibe and jeer

To stir up strife whenever he can,

Breathing menace and waking fear,

Who grows to be a manly man.

"Five cents fare for that child, madam," said a Pawtucket street car driver as he opened the door and put his head in the car. "Very well," she replied, feeling in her pocket, "this is an orphan child and I am its guardian. I must have a receipt for all moneys paid out. Please write one and I'll drop a nickel in the box." He shut the door.—Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle.

A LESSON FROM THE WOODS.

FROM THE FOREST AND STREAM.

How a Woodcock Protected her Young.

Unable to resist the subtle influence of the balmy south wind of yesterday, redolent with cherry blossoms and fore-runner of many such days to come, I was strolling along one of the less frequented roads in the immediate vicinity of the village. My four-footed companion—a satin-skinned pointer, associate of many a happy day, with ruling passion strong, explored every copse and thicket, regardless he of a scratched body and a bleeding tail, could he but gain one whiff of that intoxicating odor, far dearer to him than all the "Sabean odors from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." After an absence somewhat more protracted than usual, a casual search in the direction I had last seen him revealed him pointing as I expected. The character of the ground, a rough hillock covered with tangled cat briers and white birches, and contiguous to a deep alder swamp, left little doubt as to the nature of the game, while the glaring eyes, the quivering nostrils and the rigid stern left equally little doubt as to the few feet or perhaps inches that separated the educated animal from his natural prey.

While admiring the beautiful picture and hesitating to interfere, a very large hen bird flopped heavily up, clearing the brier with difficulty, only to drop with a sounding thud a yard or two in advance. Almost at the same second the smaller but more vigorous cock bird with the familiar ringing whistle sprang twenty feet into the air and away over the tops of the budding birches, across the brook, skirting a wide meadow, nor pausing nor faltering, until with a sudden dart and a turn he wheeled sharply into a copse of alders and swamp maples, quite a different species of bird apparently from his fluttering mate. The latter, naturally a shy and retiring bird, appeared to have lost all fear of man or beast in her anxiety for her little family's welfare, each one of whom had doubtless sought shelter at once under some protecting dead leaf at the very first indication of danger. So thoroughly, indeed, were the little youngsters stowed away that, although the rude nest containing the four broken shells were in plain sight, no trace of them did a rather careful search reveal. And now began a series of amusing antics on the part of that devoted parent that must be seen to be appreciated. Around and around the stanch dog she ambled and waddled, feathers distorted, and quacking for all the world like a dusky duck in the gloaming of the autumn evening as he fearlessly prepares to alight on his favorite feeding-ground.

After several minutes thus consumed in completing the circles, of which the sorely-tempted canine was the interesting centre, finding all her wiles fail to move him other than an agonizing twist of his head upon its axis, she suddenly changed her tactics, and, with ruffled plumage and open bill, boldly charged the intruder, until but a few inches at most separated her from the jaws which there was some reason to believe might be her future tomb. Patience was evidently ceasing to be a virtue on the poor brute's part, and fearing dire results to that little family of innocents in case of a sudden half orphanage, I asserted my share in the tragedy by stepping slightly in advance. As the delighted mother led me step by step away from danger, it was with a peculiar satisfaction I almost fancied I could see in her big expressive eyes the relief it furnished her. Over the hill, back to the road, and a hundred yards down the same she gently drew us, and when with an utterly exhausted

THE LONG COACH WHIP PENNANT.

Many people have wondered what is the significance of the long pennant which is the main truck of all vessels of the long peninsula. When the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp hoisted a pennant at the top of his vessel to indicate his intention to sweep the English from the sea, the English admiral hoisted a horse whip, indicating his intention to chastise the Dutchman. Hence the coach whip pennant was adapted as the distinctive insignia of a war vessel in commission for service.—*New York Tribune.*



FEED THE BIRDS, AND SO WISH THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

flap she appeared to alight for the last time, I was not less surprised than pleased to catch a glimpse of her, completely restored as if by a miracle, whirling over the dense cedars and tall timber on a hill-top until she reappeared by a long circuit close to the original spot where I first surprised her.

Retracing my steps, there she was sure enough, going through the same old game as before. Calling off the disgusted dog with much difficulty, I left her there and continued my walk—the full of regrets, doubtless, at what he regarded as an exceedingly unsatisfactory termination to so much trouble, and his master, to marvel at the mysterious working of man's heart, which, while moved to pity and admiration at a mother's love, can at the self-same moment resolve on the subsequent complete annihilation of not only that mother, but "all her pretty chickens, too, at one fell swoop." *Verily, how all-consuming must be that passion for the chase, which warps our sympathies, and which knows no right but the law of might.*

FOR OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

In the most picturesque part of the old town of Scituate, on a rocky point reaching out into the bay, is situated one of the most attractive houses on the South shore. This house, large and commodious, is the summer residence of a select company of Boston people, known as the Glades Club. Here they enjoy their wealth and leisure, remote from the world and its duties. Our quiet, hedge-lined country roads are daily enlivened by their fine carriages, beautiful horses and good riders. My object in calling attention to them is to speak of a custom, or rather a fashion, which they have brought into our staid old town,—a fashion which must be stigmatized as one of the most cruel inflicted on animals, namely, docking horses' tails.

Many of the horses owned by the Club have scarcely six inches of tail left. Now, one of the chief troubles of horse-flesh near our shores is a big fly, called by the natives "green-head," which renders life a burden to all horses, even though well protected against their stings. Must not the poor creatures with docked tails, standing in their stalls or driven over the roads during the hot days of August, become nearly insane from the attacks of swarms of these terrible flies, against which they have no defence, save frantically waving their four inches of tail?

When the Glades Club introduced this harmful fashion into our midst, it is safe to say that there was not a horse in town but could boast it had never been a martyr to fashion in this direction.

E. G. B.

A REAL PLEASURE.

If any of our readers have never tried feeding the birds in winter they do not know what a pleasure they have lost.

We have about fifty doves coming every morning to our editorial window for their daily food, and it is not only a source of happiness to us to feed them, but also to many who see them fed.

We shall never forget the pleasure expressed by Miss Frances E. Willard when happening to call at feeding-time, she witnessed this beautiful sight which she had not seen before since her visit to the great square of San Marco in Venice.

A VERY INTELLIGENT BIRD.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

We conversed some time together—
You may think it quite absurd—
But I found that quail in the orchard
A most intelligent bird.

He chose a shady corner
Before he would alight;
I inquired, "What is your name, sir?"
He said at once, "Bob White."

He had an air of business,
The knowing little sprite!
So I asked him about his family;
He said at once, "All right."

I thought I'd like to see them,
And I asked him if I might.
Perhaps it was the thought of toast
That made him say, "Not quite."

"Permit me just a glimpse, sir,
They must be a cunning sight—
Then tell me what's the reason why,"
He answered back, "Too bright."

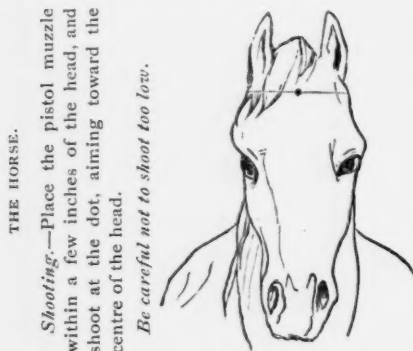
I said "Don't you get dizzy
When you swing at such a height?"
He hopped upon a loftier twig,
Then answered back, "You might."

Though from answers dyssyllabic
He never swerved a mite,
Yet he always had an answer,
The roguish little wight.

At last I tried to catch him—
He showed no sign of fright,
But simply spread his winglets,
And chirped back, "Good-night."

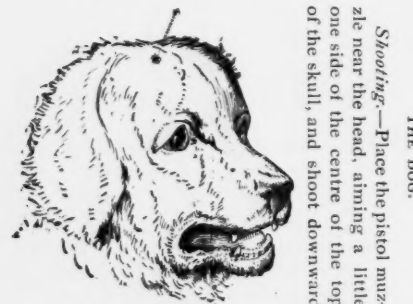
Your parrots and your mocking-birds
You may think are very bright;
For wit and for intelligence
I recommend "Bob White."

—Ex.

TO MERCIFULLY KILL HORSES, DOGS,
AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE HORSE.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming toward the centre of the head.
Be careful not to shoot too low.



THE DOG.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little one side of the centre of the top of the skull, and shoot downward.

at the dot, so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, because of thick bones.

After much consultation with veterinary surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long-handled wooden spoon, about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue, as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.

Our correspondents will pardon short letters when we say that nearly fourteen thousand letters a year go out from our offices—an average of from forty to fifty for every working-day.



SAINT BERNARD.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Life is too short for bitter feeling.

Receipts by the Society in November.
FINES.

From Justice Courts.—Barre (2 cases) \$10.
District Courts.—Southbridge (2 cases) \$70. Great Barrington (2 cases) \$30; Northampton, \$15.
Municipal Court.—(Three cases) \$30.
Witness Fees, \$1.20. Total, \$156.20.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.
TEN DOLLARS EACH.

D. B. Wesson, W. H. Haile, Mrs. E. B. Merriam, Miss H. Merriam.

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Mrs. J. Freeman Clarke, Miss Cora H. Clarke, Mrs. W. B. Strong, Forbes & Wallace, E. H. Barney, Geo. Foster, M. D.; Jno. Olmstead, Geo. C. Fisk, G. M. Atwater, E. A. Alden, E. S. Chapen, Anonymous, Mrs. O. B. Ireland, H. W. Warner, Mrs. W. B. Washburn, Mrs. E. M. Russell, J. C. Converse, W. D. Stevens, \$4.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

C. C. Morrill, G. S. Merriam, L. J. Gann.

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Miss Cary, J. F. Merriam, J. N. Carmichael, M. D.; Geo. A. Stone, A. J. McIntosh, Mrs. J. A. Rumrell, G. H. Griffin, J. H. Woolrich, Geo. E. Lyons, Mrs. Isabella Russell, Nellie Griggs, G. N. & F. H. Norton.

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Mary Robinson, H. T. Underwood, A. Friend, Geo. B. Cutler, Mrs. C. A. Robinson, R. H. Smith, Dr. McLean, E. R. Davis, W. N. Washburn, F. M. Thompson, White Brothers, Wm. M. Smeade, C. M. Moody, W. A. Forbes, C. P. Allen, C. R. Lowell, G. E. Rogers, E. A. Hall, F. E. Wells, F. O. Wells, H. S. Field, Mrs. C. R. Field, Mrs. Geo. H. Hovey, Jno. Sheldon, Miss Farrand, Mrs. J. E. Devlin, D. A. C. Waltzer, C. C. Conant, Mrs. H. A. Finck, Dr. A. C. Dean, Dr. F. J. Zabriskie, T. N. Austin, James M. Lee, Geo. H. Prouty, A. P. Richardson, M. L. Mowry, W. W. Norton, M. R. Lee, T. Dwyer, Mrs. Maria Lawrence, G. H. Wilkins, W. S. Breckenridge, C. W. Cross, H. J. Loomis, C. A. Brown, C. M. Sears, Geo. F. Wright, Geo. C. Buell. Total, \$210.

MISSIONARY FUND.

Miss S. J. Eddy, \$100; Miss E. B. Hillis, \$15; Miss G. Kendall, \$5; Miss Cora H. Clarke, \$5; Prof. R. C. Story, \$1; Miss Minnie E. Ball, \$1. Total, \$127.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. L. Skinner, \$5.25; Miss Florence Lyman, \$5; Miss M. L. Davis, \$3; Mrs. P. A. Porter, \$2.70; Mrs. Almon, \$2.50; Miss Sarah P. Loud, \$1.75; Miss A. D. Fogg, \$1.50; S. L. Humphreys, 75c.; Sanford Niles, 75c.; W. Sile, 60c.; News Agencies, 50c.; Mary E. Ford, 25c.; Miss E. G. Bates, 25c.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. Sophia L. Little, Mrs. E. Cavazza, Mrs. J. B. Thayer, Frank G. Edgerly.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. J. P. Morris, N. L. Perkins, Mrs. A. A. Roath, Louise M. Phillips, Mrs. M. L. Dodge, Miss S. E. Richmond, Richard F. Reed, Mrs. S. G. Barrett, Aurelia G. Mace.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Nellie M. Clark, Mabel Dobson, Isabella Russell, Rosetta Cummings, Miss R. I. Eaton, J. E. Johnstone, Edw. W. Screven, Helen McGaffey, Pauline Bonett, Rev. Geo. Fisher, Mrs. F. J. Cassidy, Eliza R. Smith, Sarah D. Libbey, Eugene Redman, Helen Jamison, Mrs. J. W. Dunklee, H. L. Gulliver, Elizabeth A. Sears, Mrs. C. F. Richardson, Mrs. G. A. Shattuck, J. A. Dresser, M. E. Glidden, J. A. Glidden, F. E. Sandborn, Rev. L. D. Mears, Florence W. Hills, Vivian Daniel, Jr., Geo. and Vincent Lyon, F. H. Kendrick, D. D. H. and E. Copeland, Nathan Kohn, Alice Brown, Sophia Knight, Mrs. J. W. Stewart, Mrs. M. A. Hopkins, Geo. N. Calkins, Myron M. Stearns, C. E. Martin, Johnny Peck, Clara E. May, Merle Vanderline, Harry Branan, O. E. E. Tyler, Mrs. Wm. H. Perry, L. A. Tallmadge, Andrew Hodson, J. G. Johnston, H. G. Maynard, Chas. Maynard, C. W. Russell, C. Wing, Mrs. H. Stevens, Mrs. Geo. Sturtevant. Total, \$68.30.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$206.25; publications sold, \$73.96; by treasurer, estate of Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, \$500; total, \$1,415.67.

Cases Reported at Office in November.

For beating, 15; over-working and over-loading, 7; over-driving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 35; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 25; abandoning, 2; torturing, 15; driving when diseased, 3; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 42.

Total, 147.

Animals taken from work, 24; horses and other animals killed, 39.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of the Royal Society P. A. Brussels, Germany.
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